

and when my letters, which I have tri

Another week is now numbered with the past—another week of life's experience.— Hearts have throbbed with agony, thrilled with ecstasy, trembled with delight, and exulted in

and the miserable have alike gone to their long  
home. Change is the order of nature—its first  
law. And the passage of the week has brought  
us to the happy day for us—the day in which  
we drop to some extent the cares of labor and  
the instruments of toil—above all, the day in  
which we have a social talk with our band of

Betsy Gummy, the old maid of White Cottage, gives the widows a hard rub:

Mr. Duroc: As the inhabitants of our community have turned out *en masse* to write for your so excellent paper, I hope you will not be surprised at receiving a communication from a village of the West, where the widows, and especially among them I am glad to expect to be addressed by one of that class of individuals. The widow Wimple has thrown our village into fits in regard to who she may be. Some say it is a gentleman writing over that signature; others that it's a lady, and a widow in the bargain; well, I cannot say as to the widow; but this I do know, that Widow Wimple is a

pen with such ease and elegance. She is a lady, too, who has had much experience with widowers, and of that class styled "anti matrimonial," or I am greatly deceived. The fact is, Mr. Editor, she has broken her promise in regard to handling "our pets, the widowers."

...in white kids, and this fact has made us old maids feel like retaliating—in a good-natured way of course; for when was an old maid anything else than good-natured? We learn this from long-tried patience; but we can't stand anything any more than other folks. I never believe an old maid can be less good-natured than a young one.

dow. A widow matrimonial (for it has never  
en my luck to see an anti-matrimonial widow  
the very essence of vanity. We old maids  
sider them the most maneuvering class of  
omen in existence. Oh, but it's fun to watch  
er maneuvering; and the beauty of it is, they  
lieve all blind to their arts; but when was a  
d maid ever blind? Have I not seen widows  
op a pocket-handkerchief or glove at the feet

... widow or old bachelor, so that he might  
pick it up and give them a chance to say *thank*  
*u* in most winning voice, and thus attract his  
attention? Have I not seen a widow turn her  
pensive face in church (just pensive enough to  
be interesting), so that Mr. Widower or Bache-  
r. Somebody could have a glimpse of the re-

How happy she could make his *lonely home*? Have I not heard her, in general conversation, drop out opinions and sentiments that she well knew would meet with the hearty approbation of widower B., who was listening to her

Widow Wimple says widowers go about seeking whom they may devour. It is our notion (it may be an old maidish notion)

ough) that widowers would have rather tight stomachs, were they to devour all that are calling to be devoured. The widow says she has little stockings to knit; we advise her to attend to the knitting of her little stockings, and let our "pets, the widowers matrimonial and anti-matrimonial," be content with what

for a hint to notice her own class of matrimonial widows, and see if she don't find enough to keep her busy "a month of Sundays." I must close my first communication to you, Mr. Editor; for I am every moment expecting a visit from my widower beau, who has a

Widow Wimple's taste. Wishing you as happy in the smiles of your sweetheart, Mr. Editor, as we are in the smiles of ours, we bid you a pleasant evening.

BETSY GUMMY.

Widow Wimple and Betsy Gummy both ap-

to be very fond of "kissable" mouths ; but we think Betsy is rather hard. If she were a widow, it is quite likely she would be of the "matrimonial" class, and as bad as Widowimple.

Myrtle is with us again. The letter of Constance, published last Sunday, has brought a response:

Mr. Editor: It was with a feeling of vanity that I read the communication of Constance, your last issue: and believe me, my gratifi-

tion and happiness knew no bounds. I think I know Constance; at least, I think I know "other self," who, I am sure, should be proud of the jewel which he keeps hid away in the casket for its lustre to become dim with re-dew. And you would, as well as Con-

place, like to know where Myrtle is—in what silent nook this obscure flower blooms. Not a hot-house, I assure you; for there I should feel my lowliness—in some silent spot, where woodbines creep, and the wild bird carols its sweetest song—there is Myrtle's home. How now like the picture?

Mr. Editor, there is another class of husbands of whom I would speak. Club-house husbands are bad enough, but they are not as great an evil as some others I know of. So Constance thinks some rough hand has dealt with my tender heart. Ah, even so; trouble has

"How do we like the picture?" Not at all.

have to trust too much to the imagination—can't enjoy it. Myrtle promises us a letter about another class of husbands. We shall anxiously look for it.

And here comes the Widow Wimple again.

Mr. EDITOR: And you are not the "senior editor," after all? Well, I suppose it would all right and proper for me to make you a

ry handsome apology, for having mistaken  
you for an older man ; but, in truth, you are to  
ame. Why did you mislead me, by talking  
wisely and soberly ? that I imagined I saw  
my old friend, spectacles on nose, gravely  
taking his head over the effusions of his lady

young Democrat, indulging himself in a prolonged ha! ha! at our expense, our letters spread before him on the table of his sanctum. He will not call each other hard names, though, but shake hands in good old Kentucky fashion, and be friends "for 'a that, and 'a that." I

took a *young* man for an old one—and *weiser* *reiser*, as a hoosier lawyer would say, you mis-  
took an *old* woman for a *young* one. My very  
tural mistake paid you a compliment, if you  
few my opinion of the man I mistook you for  
that you would highly value—and at once

men ever get to be. But to think from my  
waters, that the head in which they originated  
must, per force, be upon young shoulders. Now,  
my young friend, I scarcely think I can torture  
into anything complimentary; but in all  
such and scholastic the head is not as young

It *use to was*, nor so old as people get to be, they live long enough. It is a part of my philosophy to look upon the bright side of every picture, if it has a bright side, and it was very natural for you to think that sober old folks did not write so easily and pleasantly as young

are good friends, ain't we? It is just possible that neither of us has been so wide of the mark after all.

Take the old man's advice, my young friend, be sure you are right, then go ahead;" have we in them a standard of the very highest ex-

illence, determine to reach it, and it is already  
lf attained—the will to do is more than half  
e battle. Well, I declare, I shall have to  
ologize again. There am I, advising you as  
I knew myself to be twice as old as you are.  
his second offense was not premeditated.

This same pen of mine has inherited all the ahead-ativeness of its Yankee inventors ;

class which "Adell" and "Widow Wimple

of his "colossal severity." They were  
"not so lowly," he said, "as to  
hear one say, that old people could be  
more with the ardor of youth—that they were  
never so much attached to each other as those  
of the younger life. Mr. Editor, you can  
probably enlighten me. I have never  
had more experience in life than myself—  
as I must plead—ignorance. For my part,  
I don't think what would prevent them from lov-  
ing as much as the young. I think I have  
with such bright hopes, the young people  
have yet to taste the sweets of life (as well  
about from the bitter cup).

Now, Mr. Editor, say the lady correspond-  
ent should strive to be a little more  
"gentle." I think a gentleman remarked, as he read it  
"Then we shall have plenty of fighting."  
Really, do all your male readers look upon me  
as a "warrior?" I would like to say to the male  
correspondents, they must not judge me

"Gladly has begun his tedious sermon, and the tediousness it will be to him, he refers to the Bible for proof. 'I will thank him in my behalf.' He gives the true character, but I think he overdoes it. He proves him to have been persuaded, and he is, whereas, if he had said he was not, he would have descended from Adam, they would have changed. Attempt now to persuade one, and he will be sure to set opposite to your wishes.

ADELAIDE.

Good, Adelaide—hit 'em again. We don't much admire the good taste of the man who said our lady correspondents would get to fighting if they knew each other. You task us to do so. Wherever happiness does not consist in being those who marry late in life. Never having attained the strictest, &c. &c.

We close this week with another of Irene's characteristic letters, so much admired and so extensively read.

Mr. Editor: One of your lady writers says Irene "had better be afraid of Irene's" wimmin "than fittin' editors." Now I want to tell you that as an editor I was going to tell you about, is a powerful big fellow, and when he beats Dazy Crockett writin' poetry, an' can't write; but this ain't the worst: they say he fights with pen and pistol both: an' as the wise women say, "a man's got to be a fighter, or a writer, or tho't he was so well fixed for an' the sword, but he can't be both: he's got to choose, or he'll keep out o' his way." But see I ain't never kept by the wimmin, 'cause the mackerel 's got to be never 'fraid'm to use any weapon but the tongue: an' I ain't never been 'fraid 'em: 'tween 'em I can handle them as implements it

[illegible]

"I say do of 'strifeless' in wee 'drops,  
 and meane to be a 'poor' as know as any  
 'em would do sich a thing, but they  
 Now, I want say any more about the M.D.  
 I don't want to; but I'm one of the girls that  
 like the life, an' 'sez what they please  
 "Olog" is a name for a person, or  
 about as "persons," 'cause you see I can't find  
 nothin' else to write about here; an' then  
 folks is so peacolib. I wish you could a we  
 meane, I want to know you, I had some  
 ginefine fun, I tell you  
 Mad, Mr. Editor, about my flange, an' I  
 tell you somethin' funny about two of the  
 town galls an' that beans, next time.

the editor wouldn't publish. We gave up on this better judgment, and have ever since confined ourself to the sober, steady walks of prose. Our readers will look anxiously for that story Irene—that funny story.

[For the Louisville Democrat.]

IDYL.

To Andrus Chamberlain, of Jeffersonville, Indiana.

I've gazed within thine soul-like eyes,  
 Serenely as heaven's own blue eyes,  
 And learned the gentle hearts beneath  
 Is loving, warm, and true;  
 I've gazed upon that angel face,  
 So beautifully fair,  
 And read the pure, unguiled soul,  
 So sweetly written there.

It is a beauty strange but sweet,  
 A beauty that I cannot meet

For all thing: lovely, pure, and great  
Here felt an impulse there.  
The rosy lip music's kissing by  
Upon the air of heaven,  
Steals s'fly o'er the care-worn heart,  
Like some sweet strain from heav'n's  
Dear friend, may naught of human we  
Ere cloud that happy hour,  
And may the young heart's love be  
Low light, less any than now;  
May all the joys that earth can give,  
My country, my friends, my love,  
May sorrow never cause thy heart  
To murmur or repine.

When time rolls round thy weary years,  
And we are far apart,  
Oh! may my memory's faithful light,  
Like trills 'round thy heart,  
And 'mid the gathering shades of life  
I'll dream that thou art true;

My heart to look for you,"

When the lone liquid twilight star,  
Too beautiful to last,  
Gleams over men's gilded page,  
Recalling days gone past,  
Oh! wilt thou dearest think of me?  
I ask this little boon,  
Think wisely of the happy days  
That passed, alas! too soon.

LEILA.

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.

**HEROIC DEVOTION TO HIS ART.—**Mr. Oodiah, in her "Anecdotes of Actors," gives an amusing instance of this. In the scene in the play of the "Committee," where Oodiah has to swallow, with feigned reluctance, the contents of a black quart bottle, and administer it to his "League, Munden was obliged to him to throw an extra amount of sarsel on to the contents."

himself a vigor into his resistance, so much so, that he was able to hold his own. The "Teague of the occasion, fired with a moral enthusiasm, forced him to drain the bottle to the last drop. The effect was tremendous. The audience absolutely screamed with laughter, and the speaker, who had been drinking from the bottle, which should have contained sherried water, was by some mistake handed over with the rankest lamp oil. We will let the reader tell the rest:

"When the sun shined in some degree recovered from the nausea the accident caused Mr. Johnston marveled why Mundon should have allowed him, after his first taste, to pour the contents of the disgusting liquid down his throat. It could not be helped, and he was soon as easy to reject or opposed a repetition of it by hinting the mistake to him. Mr. Mundon's reply—by gasps—was as follows:

there was such a glorious roar at the first face  
made upon swallowing it, that I hadn't time  
to reflect upon the scene by interrupting the ef-  
fect, though I thought I should stuff die every time  
you poured the accursed stuff down my  
throat." 15

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